THE RECLAIMED BEAUTIES.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Among the Indian beauties in the camp of the Eutaws and Shoshonies, the free trappers discovered two, who had figured as their squaws. These connections frequently take place for a season; and sometimes continue for years, if not perpetually; but are apt to be broken when the free trapper starts off suddenly, on some distant and rough expedition.

In the present instance, these wild blades were anxious to regain the belles: nor were the latter loath once more to come under their protection. The free trapper combines, in the eye of an Indian girl, all that is dashing and heroic in a warrior of her own race, whose gait, and garb, and bravery, he emulates, with all that is gallant and glorious in the white man. And then the indulgence with which he treats her; the finery in which he decks her out; the state in which she moves; the sway she enjoys over both his purse and person, instead of being the drudge and slave of an Indian husband obliged to carry his pack, and build his lodge, and make his fire, and bear his cross humours and dry blows. No; there is no comparison in the eyes of an aspiring belle of the wilderness, between a free trapper and an Indian brave.

With respect to one of the parties, the matter was easily arranged. The beauty in question was a pert little Eutaw wench, that had been taken prisoner, in some war excursion, by a Shoshonie. She was readily ransomed for a few articles of trifling value; and forthwith figured about the camp in fine array, "with rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes," and a tossed up, coquettish air, that made her the envy, admiration, and abhorrence of the leathern-dressed, hard-working squaws of her acquaintance.

As to the other beauty, it was quite a different matter. She had become the wife of a Shoshonie brave. It is true, he had another wife, of older date than the one in question; but the latter was the wife of his last fancy, his latest caprice, and was precious in his eyes. All attempt to bargain with him, therefore, was useless: the very proposition was repulsed with anger and disdain. The spirit of the trapper was roused; his pride was piqued as well as his passion. He endeavored to prevail on his quondam mistress to elope with him. His horses were fleet; the winter nights were long and dark: before daylight, they would be beyond the reach of pursuit: and once at the encampment in Green river valley, they might set the whole band of Shoshonies at defiance.

The Indian girl listened and longed. Her heart yearned after the ease and splendor of the condition of a trapper's bride, and throbbed to be freed from the capricious control of the premier squaw; but she dreaded the failure of the plan, and the fury of a Shoshonie husband. They parted; the Indian girl in tears, and the mad-cap trapper more mad than ever with his thwarted passion.

Their interview had, probably, been detected, and the jealousy of the Shoshonie brave aroused—a clamor of angry voices was heard in his lodge, with the sound of blows, and a female weeping and lamenting. At night, as the trapper lay tossing on his pallet, a soft voice whispered at the door of his lodge. His mistress stood trembling before him. She was ready to follow whithersoever he should lead.

In an instant, he was up and out. He had two prime horses, sure, and swift of foot, and of great wind. With stealthy quiet, they were brought and saddled; and, in a few moments, he and his prize were careering over the snow, with which the whole country was covered. In the eagerness of escape, they had made no provision for their journey: days must elapse before they could reach their haven of safety, and mountains and prairies be traversed, wrapped in all the desolations of winter. For the present, however, they thought of nothing but flight; urging their horses forward over the dreary wastes, and fancying, in the howling of every blast, they heard the yell of the pursuer.

At early dawn the Shoshonie became aware of his loss. He soon found the trail of the fugitives, and spurred on in hopes of overtaking them. The winds, however, which swept the valley, had drifted the snow into the prints made by the horses' hoofs. In a little while, he lost all trace of them, and was completely thrown out of the chase. He knew, however, the situation of the camp towards which they were bound, and a direct course through the mountains, by which he might arrive there sooner than the fugitives. Through the most rugged defiles, therefore, he urged his course day and night, scarce pausing until he reached the camp. It was sometime before the fugitives made their appearance. Six days had they been traversing the wintery wilds. They came haggard with hunger and fatigue, and their horses faltering under them. The first object that met their eyes, on entering the camp, was the Shohosnie brave. He rushed, knife in hand, to plunge it in the heart that had proved false to him. The trapper threw himself before the cowering form of his mistress, and feeble and exhausted as he was, prepared for a deadly struggle. The Shoshonie paused. His habitual awe of the white man checked his arm: the trapper's friends crowded to the spot, and arrested him. A parley ensued. A kind of *crim. con.* adjudication took place, such as frequently takes place in civilized life. A couple of horses was declared to be a fair compensation for the loss of the woman who had previously lost her heart—with this, the Shoshonie brave was fain to pacify his passion. He returned to Captain Bonneville's camp, somewhat crest-fallen, it is true; but parried the officious condolements of his friends, by observing, that two good horses were very good pay for one bad wife.

It has been well said, I know not by whom, that an Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; that a Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; and that an Irishman is never at peace but when he is at war.

THE TWO JOHNSONS!

From the Sketches of Western Adventures.

Early in the fall of '93, two boys, by the name of Johnson, the one twelve and the other nine years of age, were playing on the banks of Short creek, near the mouth of the Muskingum, and occasionally skipping stones into the water. At a distance they saw two men dressed like ordinary settlers, in hats and coats, who gradually approached them, and from time to time threw stones into the water in imitation of the children.

At length, when within one hundred yards of the boys, they suddenly threw off their masks, and rushing rapidly upon them, took them prisoners. They proved to be Indians of the Delaware tribe. Taking the children in their arms, they ran hastily into the woods, and after a rapid march of about six miles, they encamped for the night. Having kindled a fire, and laying their rifles and tomahawks, against a tree, they lay down to rest, each with a boy in his arms. The children, as may be readily supposed, were too much agitated to sleep. The eldest began to move his limbs cautiously, and finding that the Indian who held him remained fast asleep, he gradually disengaged himself from his arms, and walked to the fire, which had burned low; he remained several minutes in suspense of what was to be done. Having stirred the fire, and ascertained the exact position of the enemy's arms, he whispered softly to his brother to imitate his example; and if possible to extricate himself from his keeper. The little boy did as his brother directed, and both stood irresolute around the fire. At length the oldest, who was of a very resolute disposition, proposed they should kill the sleeping Indians and return home. The eldest pointed at one of the guns, and assured his brother if he would only pull the trigger of that gun, after he placed it at rest, he would answer for the other Indian. The plan was agreed upon. The rifle was levelled, with the muzzle resting on a log which lay near, and having stationed his brother at the breach with positive orders not to touch the trigger until he gave the word, he seized the tomahawk and advanced cautiously to the sleeper. Such was the agitation of the younger, however, that he touched the trigger too soon, and the report of the gun awakened the other Indian before his brother was quite prepared. He struck the blow, however, with firmness, although in the hurry of the act, it was done with the blunt part of the hatchet and only stunned his antagonist. Quickly repeating the blow, however, with the edge, he inflicted a deep wound upon the Indian's head, and after repeated strokes, left him lifeless upon the spot.

The other, frightened at the explosion of his own gun, had already taken to his scrapers, and with much difficulty was overtaken by his brother. Having regained the road by which they had advanced, the elder fixed his hat upon a bush to mark the spot, and by daylight they regained their homes. They found their mother in an agony of grief for their loss, and ignorant whether they had been drowned or taken by the Indians. Their tale was heard with astonishment, not unmingled with incredulity; and a few of the neighbors insisted upon accompanying them to the spot where so extraordinary a rencontre had occurred. The place was soon found, and the truth of the boys' story placed beyond doubt.

The tomahawked Indian lay in his blood where he fell, but the one who had been shot was not to be found. A broad trail of blood, however, enabled them to trail his footsteps, and he was at length overtaken. His underjaw had been entirely shot away, and his hands and breast were covered with clotted blood; though very much exhausted, he still kept his pursuers at bay, and faced them from time to time with an air of determined resolution. Either his goary appearance, or the apprehension that more were in the neighborhood, had such an effect upon his pursuers, that, notwithstanding their numbers, yet he was permitted to escape. Whether he survived or perished in the wilderness, could not be ascertained; but from the severity of the wound, the latter supposition is most probable.

INDICATIONS OF THE CHANGE OF WEATHER FURNISHED BY ANIMALS, &c.—The peculiar feelings of uneasiness experienced by individuals, and indeed by many persons in perfect health, during certain states of the atmosphere, may fairly lead us to suppose that animals must be also influenced in a similar manner, and the regularity with which the functions fulfil their purpose being in this case uncontrolled by intellectual agency, animals manifest the result of any variation in that regularity by a corresponding deviation from their usual habits. Now, though we know nothing of the connection between the atmospheric changes and their effects on organized bodies, we may safely and wisely trust to such deviations from the regular habits of animals, as indicating such a cause, and as deserving of attention, provided we do not suffer our judgment to be biased by any irrelevant associations of any kind. The following few observations on the influence of changes in the weather on man and certain animals, have been made in all ages, and, therefore, may be safely taken as generally correct, and as illustrating this subject.

An unusual bustle is observed among ants, bees, and wasps at their nests, spiders come out of their recesses, and are seen crawling about at night; flies of all kinds are more active, and sting or bite, before rain. When gnats fly in compact bodies in the beams of the setting sun, it indicates *fine* weather, but if they retire under the shade of trees at evening, rain may be expected. Snails and slugs appear in greater numbers during damp weather, and therefore before as well as after rain; and frogs are more lively and clamorous in the ponds and marshes at the same time.

The habits of insectivorous birds and beasts will be modified by changes in the weather, according as those changes influence the insects which are their prey; thus swallows fly low before rain, because the insects which they chase and capture on the wing, approach nearer the earth at that time. For a similar reason, bats, being observed to flit long and late in the twilight, is considered a sign of a fair day on the morrow, and they do so, because in calm and settled weather, gnats, dorbeetles, and other insects remain long on the wing in the evening. On the contrary, bats' retiring early to their haunts, shows that their food is not to be met with, on account of approaching wet; and, since the privation excites painful feelings in the quadruped, the cries of the bats, under these circumstances, have, probably, been regarded as a just prognostic of rain.

It has been observed that fish are eager in biting at flies at the surface of the water, and are more active before rain, for a similar reason.

Rooks return to their nests sooner than usual, when the grubs in the corn-fields bury themselves deeper in the earth against a change; but why those birds' circling in the air and descending to the earth successively in flocks, is considered as ominous of wet we know not, nor do we profess to vouch for the fact.

But, besides, being influenced by the abundance or scarcity of their food, modifications in the state of the air act on the lower animals, and induce them to utter cries or express their pleasure or pain, in an unwonted manner. Asses are observed to bray more and to be more irritable before wet.

The uneasiness of pigs before a storm has been a theme of amusement in rural life, quite long enough to attest the truth of the observation; and sailors expect one when porpoises and dolphins gambol at the surface of the sea.

Peacocks and guinea-fowls, and many other birds, are particularly clamorous before rain, and the domestic cock manifests uneasiness by frequent crowing.

Cattle leave off feeding, and chase one another in their pastures at such times.

The vegetable kingdom furnishes abundant information on hygrometrical changes in the atmostphere, though but few facts are recorded, or observations on the subject made. The closing of the flowers of the *Anagallis arvensis* on dull days, has conferred on it the name of the *Poor Man's Weather-Glass;* and many other plants merit the same title, as the *Calendula arvensis, Tragopogon,* &c. But these effects are, in this case also, due to several causes, acting simultaneously; and since, from our limited knowledge, we cannot separate these causes so as to attribute the result to the more influential one, the information derived from the plants, like that from animals, must always be uncertain, and comparatively useless, though interesting, and well deserving of attention.

MY BOY.—BY JAMES NACK.

My boy! my boy! what hopes and fears
Are prophets of thy future years!
How many smiles—how many tears
Shall glisten o'er this face!
This eye, so innocently bright,
May kindle with a wilder light,
In pleasure's maddening chase:
This brow, where quiet fancies lie,
May proudly lift itself on high,
In fierce ambition's race;
This form, so beautiful, so blithe,
May waste in sickness, or may writhe
In agony's embrace;
This cheek may lose its healthful blush,
For sorrow's languor, passion's flush,
Or thought's corrosive trace;
But of all evils that may come,
My prayer the most would shield thee from
The guilty or the base.
Thy heritage is but my name;
Then prize its purity of fame,
And shield it from disgrace;
And if that name have some renown,
May it be thine a brighter crown
Upon it yet to place!
For should a brighter wreath be thine
Than ever was or shall be mine,
The more will be my joy;
The vanity of fame I've found;
Still could I wish its laurels crowned
My boy! my only boy!

And yet, should genius never roll
Its inspiration on thy soul,
Nor gift thee with the might
To image such creations forth
As crown the minstrel of the north,
Imperishably bright;
Or with a Shakspeare's muse of fire
Up to the brightest heaven aspire,
The sun of every sight—
If science shall not in thy mind
Unfold a beacon to mankind,
And the mental night;
Or if thy arm shall never wield
A heroes sword, on conquest's field,
To guard thy country's right—
If all the glorious hopes be vain
That often float athwart my brain
In visions of delight—
Still thou as fully canst complete
The hope—of all most dear and sweet
That may my mind employ—
All other wreaths I can resign,
So virtue's trophies may be thine,
My boy! my only boy.

A MAN OF FEW WORDS.—A young man some time since arrived at a certain inn, and after alighting from his horse went into the travellers' room, where he walked backwards and forwards for some time, displaying the utmost self-importance. At length he rang the bell, and upon the waiter's appearance, gave him an order nearly as follows:

"Waiter."

"Sir."

"I am a man of a few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house, I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say."

"In the first place bring me a glass of brandy and water (cold,) with a little sugar, and also a teaspoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire, wipe down the hearth; bring a couple of candles, pen, ink and paper, some wafers, a little sealing wax, and let me know what time the post goes out; tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he is ready to feed; order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are well aired, and put a clean nightcap and a glass of water in the room; send the boots with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned, and brought into the room to-night, and I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning; ask your mistress what I can have for supper, tell her I should like to have a roast duck, or something of that sort; desire your master to step in, I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town."

The waiter answered "Yes, sir," and then went to the landlord and told him that a gentleman in the parlor wanted a great many things, and amongst the rest he wanted him, and that was all he could recollect.

A NEW WORD.—A negro who had several barrels of flour to count yesterday, reported that there were so many exactly. "How do you know, John, that there are so many? inquired the gentleman to whom the flour belonged. "Well massa, I mout made a small mistake of seven or eight; but, cordin' to de *comiscuous* calculation, dat's as nigh as I can make em, or any odder nigger."

A LOST REPUTATION.—A large gawky who attended a school, acquired such a habit of tattling, that his playmates sought every opportunity to make him ridiculous.

When coming into school after intermission, he preferred a complaint against a mischievous little miss, somewhat like the following:

Pupil.—This gal keeps sayin' I'm a thief.

Instructor.—What does she say you have stolen?

Pupil.—She says I stole her character.

At this juncture, a little girl jumped up and said, "geth he did—I geth he did—for I theen him behind the cool houth, eatin' somethin."

KNOWING HOW.—Some soldiers were digging a well in one of the fine forts in the West. When they came to the water, the commanding officer went to inspect the progress. "Well, Cowan," said he to the Irishman at the bottom of the well, "you have found water at last!"—"Ah, kurnal," replied the other, "it all depends upon knowing how the thing ought to be done. Any other man but mesilf would have gone forty fut deeper without coming to it."

The Wolverine, published at Ann Arbor, Mich., gives the following:—"A man that would cheat the printer, would steal a meeting-house and rob a grave-yard. If he has a soul, ten thousand of its size would have more room in a mosquito's eye than a bullfrog has in the Pacific Ocean. He ought to be winked at by blind people, and kicked across lots by cripples!"

MISS WILBERFORCE.—When Mr. Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, who one day accompanied him, was applauded by the freemen with a loud huzza, and the cry of "Miss Wilberforce for ever,' upon which, she wittily replied, "No,—I hope not *Miss* Wilberforce forever!"

A gentleman having called a ticket porter to carry a message, asked his name; he said it was Russel.—'And pray,' said the gentleman jocularly, 'is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?' 'As to our *arms,* your honor,' says the porter, 'I believe they are much alike; but there is a great difference between our *coats.*'

DISADVANTAGE OF THICK LIPS—A few days since, at Utica, N. Y., a strapping negro attempted to bite off the nose of a white man, with whom he was fighting; but in the hurry of the moment he bit off his own under lip. The man must have had what Falstaff calls a "foolish hanging on the nether lip."

Items from late English Papers.

Bread for Horses.—Every one knows that the nutritive qualities of corn are much injured by being sodden with cold water; by what chemical process this deterioration is effected, it is not for us to inquire. The fact is sufficient for us to suggest whether it would not be advisable, where any such corn is to be employed this winter in the fattening of stock, to have it ground, made into loaves, and baked. Cookery, that is the application of heat in some form or other, improves the nutritive qualities of grain—and never was there more need of it than at present. In an extract from a Paris paper, it is said to have been proved by experiments, that 1000 killogrammes, or 2205 lbs. of oats, made into 430 loaves, and two of these loaves given daily to a horse, will keep him in better condition than six times the same quantity of oats given to him in a raw state. The expense of fuel is the only consideration to be put in the opposite scale, and this is an estimate which every farmer can make for himself. But the mere grinding of the grain, or the destruction of its texture, by making it pass through rollers, is of great advantage to the animal which eats it, by facilitating his means of digestion.

Military Anecdote.—Lieutenant Colonel Brown commanded the 28th at Barossa. He was said to have purposely allowed his regiment to be surrounded. Most officers would have felt nervous in such a situation, but it is reported that Brown addressed his men thus: "Twenty-eighth, what confoundedly lucky fellows you are! This day you must be either extinguished or distinguished. Do as you like." The 28th took their Colonel at his word, the rear rank faced to the right about, and repulsed the enemy. And now the twenty-eighth wear the number of the regiment, both in the front and back of their chakos.